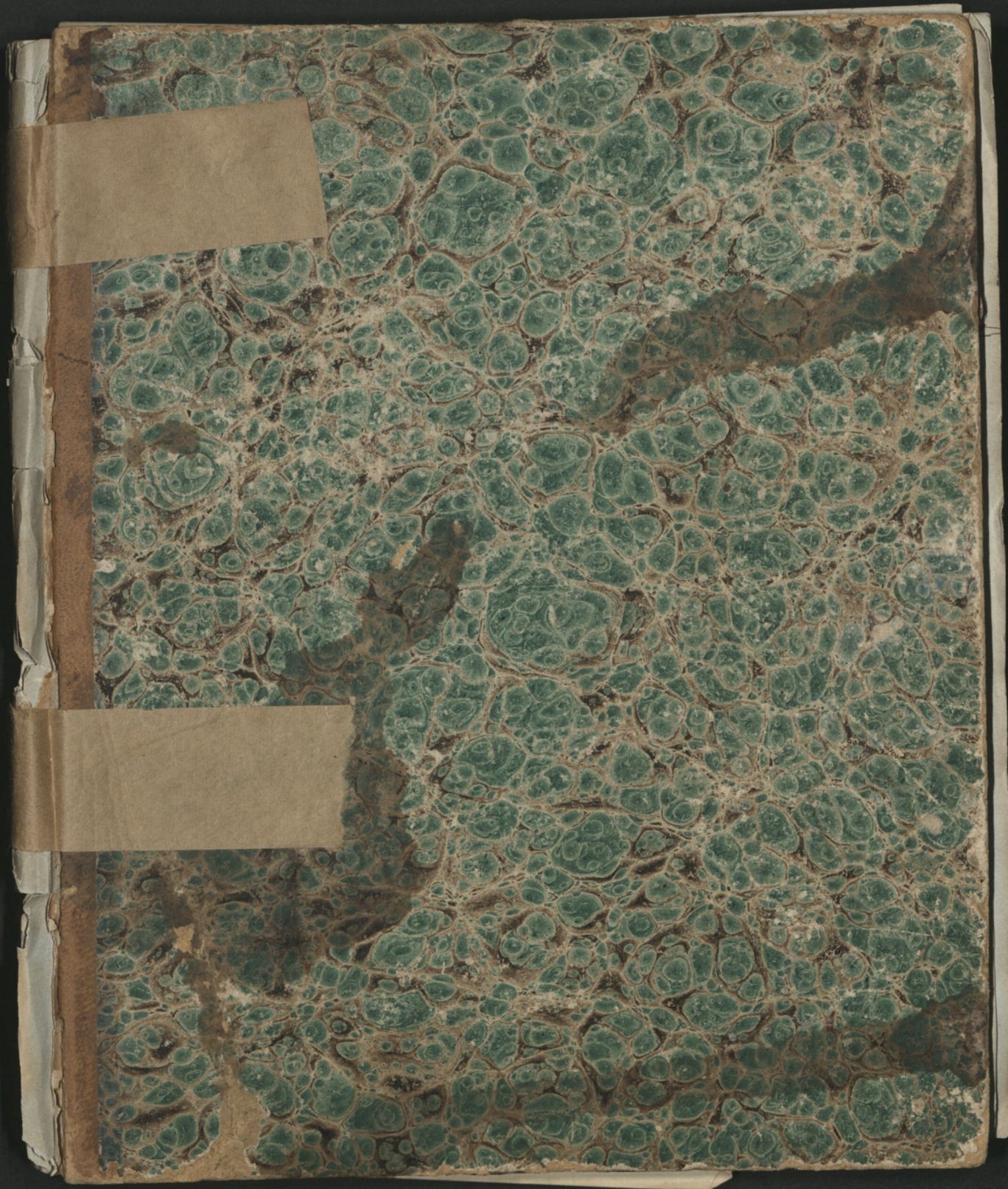
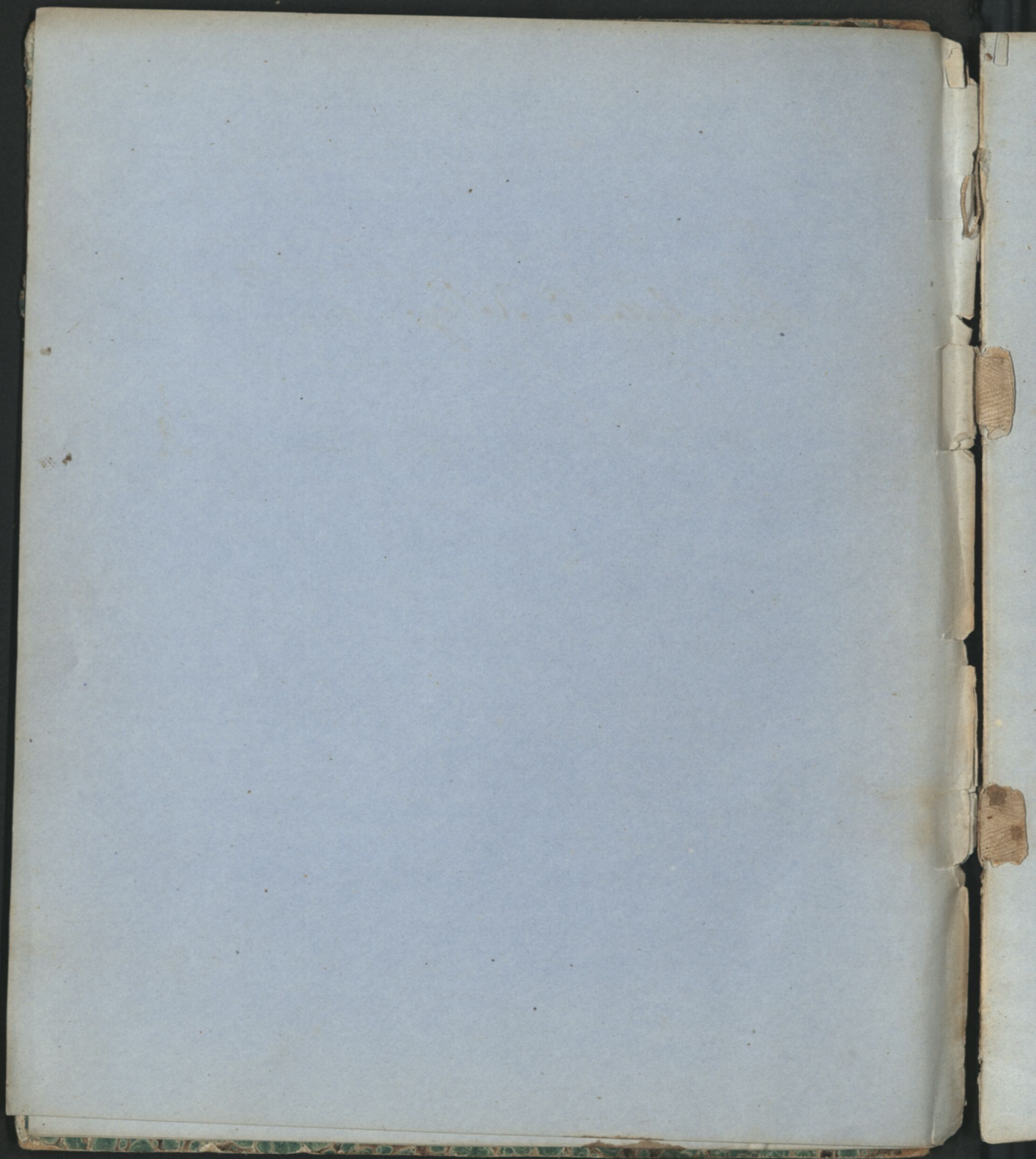




antix

54-26

Charlotte P. Kelley.



The object in putting all the little nothings
I can remember in this book is merely to
afford some of my young relatives amusement,
perchance when the writer shall only be
known as having lived. Many I have forgot-
ten - but such as I remember shall insert.

C. P. Kelley. Lotuit Post-Office 2^d 1st 64



Lines written when I was fifteen years old and
suggested by the marriage of a friend (Mrs Ann Devick).

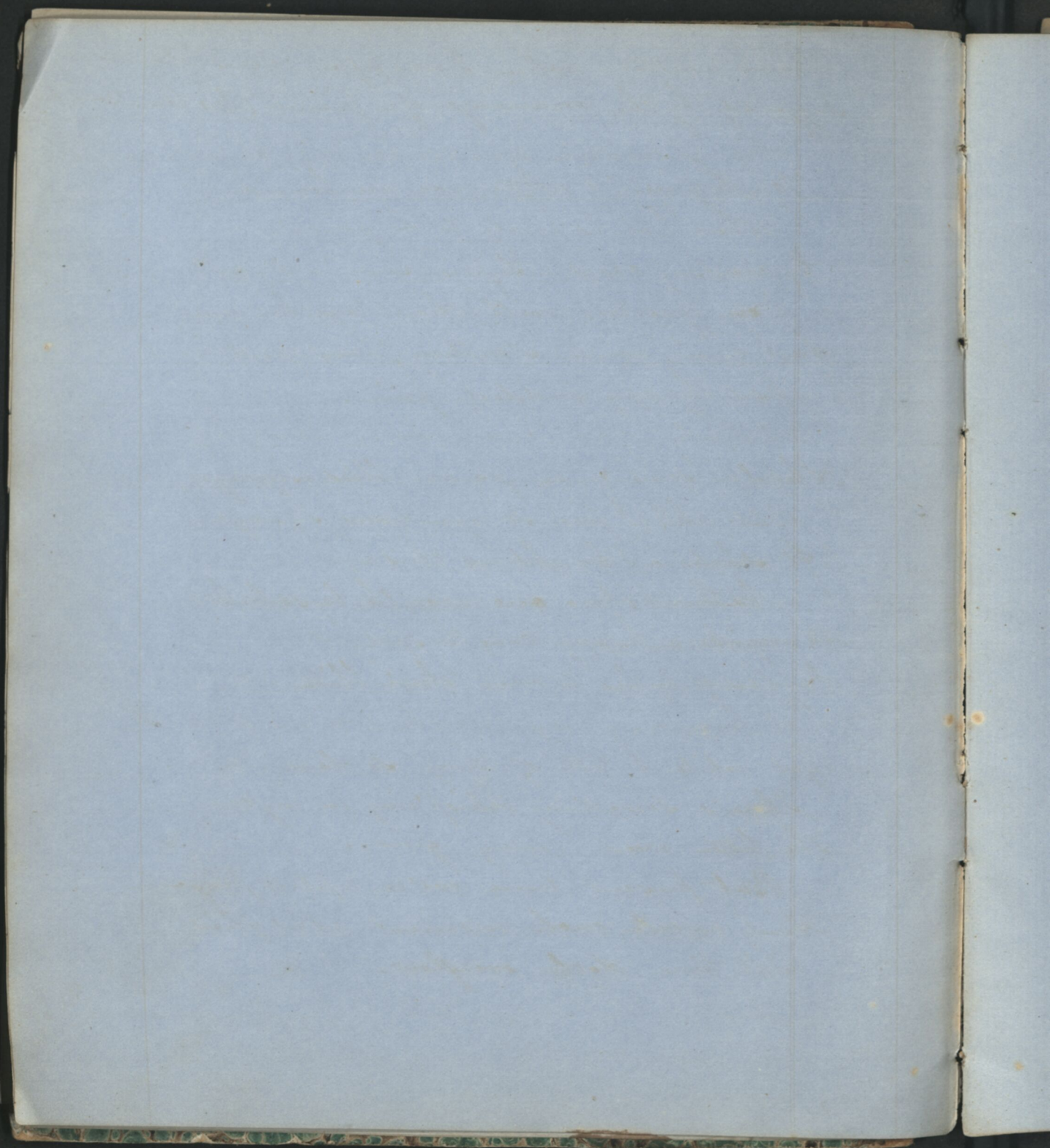
Go - "Hymen's" altar we are bound
Where love is rarely to be found
Exceeding ours - So fair -
Our friends will there together meet -
And each with smiling faces greet -
Us - Happy wedded pair.

Should some rude foe our bliss estrange -
But ah! (I feel so wondrous strange -
At such a thought - as this -).

Nethinks no one would be so bad -
To make a happy couple sad
And turn to woe their bliss.

Yet while I talk of things so clear -
There's something whispering in my ear -
The bitter weed may grow -

But present time we're apt to prize -
And catch each moment as it flies -
Till time doth overflow.



An Acrostic written in 1829 on a disagreeable
Young man of my acquaintance.

Jealous pated thing thou art.
And fickle minded too.
Many a fair one's heart must smart -
Expecting one from you.
Suddenly you leave them though!
(Perhaps - they know not where you go)
Could they know your every fault -
Of which I've made a score -
Finished then would be your lot -
Forgotten - and to be forgot.
In every heart to leave a blank,
Not knowing next with whom to rank



Lines written in a friends album in 1833.

How oft in childhoods sunny hours
When all around seemed gay -
We've roamed about - as bees 'mong flowers
And thought of nought save play.

We hailed each day with fresh delight
Our hearts thus free from care -
Say - do such things seem now as bright?
And all things look as fair?

He thinks I hear the answer - No,
And loudly I respond.
But there's another source we know
From whence true joys are found.

Not that our days thus far have been
Made up of Grief and Woe -
Then let us thank the "hand" unseen
From whence our Blessings flow.

Lines written - and placed in a "May
Basket - to be hung for Rev. W. W. Ashley.

What if a portion of your flock
A "May Day" offering bring
And place it on the knob-an-knob
And mystery round it fling?

It is but small - but still we hope -
Some comfort you may find
From its contents - though small the scope
For body - or for mind.

The charm in "May Basket" seems to be
Connected with the Mystery -
And if our names you wish to know -
Be true - they are "Incognita".

Lines written and sent to George A. Childs
after receiving a May Basket—on the presumption
of its coming from him. He was on the eve of
leaving home for his first sea voyage

A "May Basket" came to my door step last night—
I wonder whose hand placed it there.
Let me guess— Will you tell if I'm right?
Did Georgie the nice things prepare?

'I was kind in thee to think of me—
And demonstrate it too—
Farewell dear boy— I'll think of thee—
When thou art from my view.

We may not meet on Earth again
But there's a home above—
Try that to gain through Jesus worth—
There all is peace and love.

I'll ask that blessings from His hand
May richly fall on thee.
That ~~And~~ when in peril He'll command.
Thy safety on the sea.

And 'mid temptations that would seek -
To lure both old and young -
Resist them. Let thy conduct speak,
Though young - that thou art strong.

A Benediction written for Miss Lizzie Lovell to speak
at the close of her School term, by request.

It seems as 'twere but yester' morn -
Since in this House we gathered -
But three months have most surely gone -
And with the past now numbered

Dear School mates - Have we been intent -
And studiously inclined -
Has all our time been wisely spent
Storing treasures for the mind.

"Parnassus" lofty Summit.
They say is hard to climb
And that those who e'er have reached it -
Have well improved their time.

We thank the God of Heaven -
For Parents - Teacher - friend,
And for all the blessings given
Which do constantly descend,

But our "School Term" now is over -
From our Teacher we must part
'Tis always hard to sever
Ties - which lie so near the heart.

Even in our youthful bosom -
This question doth arise;
Will these sad partings ever come
In that Home above the Skies?

The Seventh Annual report of the Colton-
Fort Sewing Circle written while Secretary of that Society-

The Sun has made his annual round
Twelve months have come and gone—
Since we in Council were convened
Reporting what we'd done.

But one is not. Our Senior's gone.*
Her work was finished here
That blest reward—Thou hast well done
We trust has met her ear.

And now we come again to tell
The doings of a year
If faithful we have been 'tis well—
If not may it appear.

Our income's small our number's few
Just fifteen times we've met—
Have done what work we found to do
Which none can e'er regret—

Mrs. Shaw, Mother of Mrs. A. C. Childs

The young have joined to cheer us on
Prompted by early love -
May all a Christian work adorn -
And mutual helpers prove.

And when another year rolls round -
Who from this little group
Shall in a happier sphere be found
Where circles never break up?

So long as we on Earth remain
May we our acts control -
In such a way - that we shall gain
That Blissful Endless Goal.

Lines written for a debate on "Woman's rights"

If I the question understand.

'Tis this, Shall women rule the land
Instead of their "Liege Lords?"

No. Rather let their Sphere be Home,
Than on the public platform come -
To utter nought but words.

When Adam came forth from the ground
In loneliness he looked around,
No "Helpmeet" then had he -
"Infinite Goodness" saw his state -
And from his side produced a "mate"
Therefore inferior she.

And why so much inferior she?
Since part and parcel she must be -
In quality and kind?
The sleep that upon Adam came
Tended to weaken much her frame -
And stultify her mind.

Altho' the woman came forth last
The "Heavenly edict" broke the first
And of the fruit did eat
Her yielding husband by her side
Unwilling to deny his Bride
Tasted - and found it sweet.

Then since Creation 'twas designed -
That man's should be the stronger mind
With body to endure -
The weakness that our Eve betrayed -
Proceeded more from heart than head -
Nuthinks is very sure.

Away with canting "Hettie Brown"
Away with ranting "Lucy Stone"
Three Cheers for "Woman's Rights"
The right to rule her household well -
The right to hold unbounded spell
O'er him with whom she plights.

Dedication to an Autograph Album.

Eighteen Hundred Seventy One
Finds my career but just begun
In faultless form, and binding neat
With pages fair, In all complete,

But worthless all my beauties are,
If mind be wholly absent here,
Please pardon - should I humbly claim
The tracing of a friendly name,

Hallowed and treasured shall they be,
Who shape my future destiny,
While memory lingering oft will quaff,
Libations from each Autograph.

For Miss Lizzy W. Coffin
Saulsbury, December 1871

Composed on the Birth day of a friend
whose parents came from his children ^{and wives} among which
were stereoscopic views Handkerchiefs, neck ties, and
Suspenders.

The trifles we bring to our dear one to day.
We bring not for their worth.
But as loving reminders we'd have them to say,
We are telling the day of his birth

We tried to meet the varied wants,
The nose, the neck, the eye.
Nor did we e'en forget that Pants
were sometimes low, then high.

Just five decades of years have past,
Since to this Planet came,
A little child. On him was placed
Joseph as "Christen" name.

Like Jacob's Joseph you have come
To honors not a few.
Long may you live to bless our home
And every joy renew.

Capt Joseph Winslow born. } Nantucket 1872,
Aug 26th 1822.

Despite the heat of summer
Time's flight - has been straight on
And with this session over
The "School Term" - will be done.

Brown Autumn is upon us -
(The leaves begin to fall)
Spreading its Stores - delicious -
Alike upon us all.

Schoolmates - Have we been storing -
Our minds with precious lore.
Youth's morning fast is passing
Our Summer 'll soon be o'er.

Life's ~~autumn~~ ^{autumn} will be coming -
And winter with its train
Will take us to our Gloaming.
Say - Shall we live in vain?

Our Teacher has been faithful -
In helping us along.
I fear we've been ungrateful -
And many times done wrong.

While we hope to be forgiven
For what we've done amiss.
Let us thank the God of Heaven
For such a school as this.

In an album - by request of - S. D. Wood
An Album is a book

In which if I look
This thought does always arise -
If Friendship's begun - here under the sun
Are renewed again up in the Skies.

Our acquaintance was short -
And I cherish the thought,
That again on the Earth we may meet,
If not my young friend,
On thee - Blessings descend
And in Heaven - though Christ may we meet

For little Augusta Lovell to speak at School

I love the Earth - I love the Sky.

I love the stars that shine -
I love the pretty flowers - and why?
They show the Hand Divine.

I love the little birds that sing
So sweetly on the trees -
I love to see my kitty spring -
And try her arts to please.

I love my playthings every one -
And dolly's very choice -
I love to skip - I love to run -
And laugh with merry voice.

I love papa - I love Mama -
My sister. I love too,
Grandma's - and Aunt's near and far -
Most dearly I love you

I love to hear my parents tell
Of those now dead and gone
And that they with the Angels dwell.
I hope I shall be one.

The blessed Jesus I must love
He is so very good -
He gives me all the things I have
Friends - Parents - clothes - and food -

Linus suggested at the absence of my dear friends
A.C. Childs and family - on a long sea voyage,
We ~~miss~~ miss you from your dwelling,
We miss you by the way -
We miss you at the House of God!
When there we meet to pray -

The darling little Addie - I want to squeeze and kiss,
And all the other children
Most certainly I miss.

And there seems a void in all things
At home - abroad - at heart -
E'en more than I expected -
When we were called to part,

Lines written for Miss P. M. Dottridge as a speech for the
presentation of a Silver Goblet to the Superintendent of the S. School. (John Coburn Esq)

Superintendent Dear. Within these sacred walls we came this
night - To praise Our Dear Redeemer. Ever since our infant
lips could lip the name of Jesus - hither have we
come to listen to thy teachings from His Holy Word.
Thy every aim has been to lead our youthful hearts
upward to him - who when our ^{earthly} little children
bless. It is meet that we now thank thee for the
patient toil and unremitting care bestowed upon
this portion of thy Master's Heritage. Our feeble words
would fail to utter half the depth of love we feel toward
thee, - and in behalf of this whole School I now present in
form more tangible this tribute of affection and esteem.
The light reflected from thy lamp of love - shines brightly as
its surface. Thy Patience all enduing as its substance.
Thy motives pure as Silver. Long may'st thou live a blessing
to this world. And when thy work is done - and
thou art summoned to thy home above - we feel that
thou'lt be welcomed by thy Saviour and unite thy Praises
with an Angel band that went up from our midst
and learned to love Him here.

Spoken at a Sabbath School Concert - March - 1860

Lines written for Cora H. Childs.

From Yonder Sea Girt Island
Same fortune bade me roam
And brought me to this "Lee Land"
To find a pleasant home

Near the spot where we located
A stately Mansion stood
It's inmates? They reflected
The Image of all Good.

An Oasis - were they to me -
When desolate at heart -
Nor even dreamed I then so soon
From Cora soon ~~would part~~ we must part

But things are ever changing -
The little Miss I found
Scarcely nine years old is wearing
A dignity profound.

She's a Bride elect. The Bridegroom?
He stands on Zion's walls
To shun the fatal Malstrom -
Aloud to sinners calls.

A Pastor's wife? She's youthful -
No care has ever known
To shut out all that's useful
Her life's sun's brightly shone.

She leaves her home of childhood
From parents she must go -
Unto her chosen - pledging
For life; Through weal - or woe.

Life's duties all before her -
She will need her armor on -
Dear Lord! Help her to conquer -
And in thy strength be strong.

May the genial - loving nature -
We've disappointed be
Not find in all thy future.
One stern look turned to thee, over

There will need to be a blending
Of the Serpent - and the Dove -
Pudent and unpretending
In thy mission work of love.

Farewell dear girl - Be faithful
As Christian - Wife and friend.
If watchful and if prayerful
Rich blessings will descend

An appendix to a dialogue -

Joseph meets his father. ^{remains some time,} Falls on his neck, but says nothing

Jacob) "Joseph" My well beloved, I thought that thou
was dead. Long have I mourned for thee, And
when thy brethren came and asked for "Benjamin"
I surely thought my gray hairs would be brought in
sorrow to the grave. Once more I see thy face - and
because thou art alive - Thy servant now can die
most peacefully.

Joseph) Nay say not so - my father
I would that thou might long live e'en
though thy years be now more than six
score - thy life may be prolonged, to bless
my children - -

I will go up and say to
Pharaoh that my father and his brethren
which dwell in Canaan have hither come
to me. Perhaps thou wilt possessions have
here in the land of Egypt -
Scene closes.

For the Sewing Circle - (Annual Meeting)

We've met in Social Conclave
We come in phalanx strong
With "Onward" for our Standard
Our "password" and our song

"Onward" - The path doth brighten
As to the Goal we tend
Onward! Our burdens lighten
As we on Christ depend

We'll tell of what we've given
And what we have received -
And how ~~low~~ our work has thrived -
And who we have relieved.

For mercies through the past year
A grateful offering bring
And lay it on the Altar -
And bow before Our King -

And humbly claim protection
For all assembled here
And trusting - ask direction
Throughout the coming year.

Dedication of a young friends album, 1853
Melissa Small's. The dear girl died in 1856
~~"This Book" now takes its place in the world
What shall be its destiny~~

This volume now takes its place in the world
its future all unknown. What shall be its
destiny? Are these fair pages to be filled
with sentiments suggestive of flattery or
friendship? Rather than flattery we would
that they remain unsullied - and solicit
in its behalf the offering of Friendship.
This complied with - we think the problem
solved - and wish it well through its
career in life.

The following lines were suggested at the raising of the
"Stars and Stripes" on Freedom Hall, in 1861

What mean the songs and cheering
That are borne along the air?
Our "Nation's" Flag's unfolding
And floats as fresh and fair -

As when from secret Conclave
Our "father" gave it forth
To waft upon Old Ocean's wave
And in the "South" and "North"

Unlike to Heathen homage -
We own the Hand Divine
"It is written on our Nation's page"
He guided the design.

* Ephraim always was a ruler
E'er since he went alone,^{*}
And now would leave his brother?²
And sit upon a throne.

¹ the South. ⁺ Since free from English rule

² the South

And deal out to his Mother^o
The product of his land. "
And march on us to conquer
With his iron heeled "Traitor" band

"Rule or Ruin" - ^{III} (Had aggression
To enlarge his Slave domain)
His "Palmetto" and Secession -
We look at - with disdain

"Judah's reign will be triumphant
And "Oligarch's" must yield
We need the "Lion Rampant" -
To help win the "field"

For that waving - bright Escutcheon
Tells of Liberty and Right
And shall we fear "Oppression"
While we pray - God speed the right

As it floats to day - from "Freedom Hall"
O'er the good - the brave - the true -
May Cherms ascend from each and all
Long wave - "Red - White and Blue"

England
"England" "Cotton" "The motto of the Rebels" "The North"

Acrostic's Written for the School Children.

Come children listen while I tell
Of a School I saw one day -
The Scholars? They were motley -
Understand me what I say?
I thought their conduct seemed to tell
They meant to learn their lessons well.
Patient their Teacher led them on -
Order and Method helped along.
Read these few lines - and then I'll tell -
The teacher's name - You love so well.

I strolling along the street one day -
A merry group attracted me.
Recess for them had come -
Advancing nearer. I espied
Her who was chosen for their guide -
(The) forth coming with her bell.
With willing feet - the call obeyed
Hushed all. And silence was displayed.
In sweetest notes - this youthful band
Then sang a song of their Fatherland⁺⁺
& entranced was I the while.

Lines written for the Soldiers aid Society in Louis-
Port - after a call had been made upon the public
Signed by the President - an Gen. Scott.

The veteran of the "Nation" "
With the "Chief Magistrate" "
For the "Sanitary Mission"
Asked help from the "Old Bay State"

There were sympathetic hearts found
Responding to the call -
For the Brave and selfdenying -
Exposed to winter's cold -
For the wounded sick - and dying -
On the Army list - enrolled

There were sympathetic hearts found
Responding to the call -
And many comforts did abound
From rich and poor, From all.

Gen. Scott, ° Lincoln President.

That we have done a trifle
+ This meeting here will prove
Not with the sword or rifle
But a mission fraught with love

The appeal was to the ladies -
But money - none had they -
So to their "Liege Lords" (Worthies)
In phalanx went straightway.

In "fives" and "tens" - with "twenty"
The money quickly came -
None failed for want of plenty
To register his name.

Thus united in our labor -
We've worked with heart and hand
For our brother - friend and neighbor -
Pledged for their "Fatherland" -

To maintain the Constitution
To pull down the "Southern Rag"
Help crush out the Rebellion
And plant the "Union Flag"
A meeting at Freedom Hall for packing articles for the Soldiers
Throughout

On every tower and Summit
In each walled State -
On every hill and Summit
Be the struggle - never so great.

The God - that led the "Hebrews"
His ancient children forth
Is reigning still. Nor will refuse
The pleadings of the "South"

That Slavery forever -
Our Nation's foulest stain -
Be crushed out now. And never
Raise its monster head again.

Written for Mrs. A. C. Childs. The Silver Wedding

We took not with us 'Silver'
Nor brought we thither 'Gold.'
But we come with love - And crown her -
The Bride - One quarter old

The 'Evergreen' [†] we're placing -
Upon that still fair brow -
We trust is but the tracing
Of the future - Even as now.

Blest 'Bridegroom' - Thou art wearing -
A chaplet ^o pure and white.
Most glorious adorning ~~for one whose life~~
In one whose life is right.

As 'Adam' in the Garden
Behold his Eve so bright
So here (if not in Eden) -
We greet thy Bride to night.

[†] a wreath simply made of Cedar Evergreen ^o White hair.

One quarter of a Century
Has surely sped away
And you need no sketch of memory
To recall the happy day -

When you stood before that Rev^d and Sinc^r
Whose sands have long since run
And heard his blessing and his prayer -
For you - not ~~two~~ twain - but one.

Old time - with "Scythe and Hourglass" -
Is passing swiftly on;
Telling lightly of his impress -
May your Golden bridal dawn.

^tMrs. C's father

Lines suggested at hearing of the 'Foulbad'
"Hantucket"

Hantucket - quaint - Hantucket
My muse oft turns to thee -
My native - dear old Islet -
Heaved up - amid the sea.

'I was there my early childhood
In happy hours went by,
And brought me on to girlhood
With none the less of joy.'

There - standing is the dwelling
But those early joys are fled
For the stranger now is threading
Where my Parents used to tread

Where now that happy grouping?
Where rest those Parents heads?
For years - Thou hast been following
Them in their Earthy beds.

Ironclad
casket

Two brothers' dust is mingling
With the soil of other lands.
Of three - the one remaining
He is a home upon thy sands.

The sisters - loved - and loving
As ever - number four -
Altho' scattered - one is living
Upon thy billowed shore.

Adversity has touched thee -
And brought thy commerce low
But the records of the "Army"
And the "navy" lists will show

That the spirit and the valor -
Two traits that were of old
Will to the coming future -
Of thy home born sons be told.

May the "Ironclad war Engine"
That bears thy much loved name
Be potent towards securing
Our Nation's pristine fame.

Written in 1863

School Class.

Written in Melissa Small's album. She was one of my Sabbath

Melissa - I knew thee in thy childhood - and I loved thee
And oft as Sabbath came - I gathered thee with others
To explain in my poor way - Religious truths,
And when a year or two had passed - and thou
Didst consecrate thyself to serve thy Great Creator - and
I saw thee kneeling to receive for the first time the
Emblems of His broken body and spilt blood.
Think, that I loved thee less?

Not so. Each testimonial of attachment for thy Savior
Reemended still more closely - the bond existing hitherto.
Although yet youthful - thy discipline to mortal
Fleeting vision - has been somewhat severe - But thou hast
Yielded with a meek quiescence - to each new chastening
Of thy Heavenly Father. Department such as thine can
Emanate alone from living - active faith in Him that
Doth all things well. Hope on - dear girl; and you
Will ever find God's promise sure down to life's latest
Hour. And even through the "dark valley and shadow
Of death" - He will conduct His faithful followers.

Cotuit Port July 14th - 1865.

A fragment of a piece written in an
album - of one whose home had formerly
been in "Queen Victoria's Dominion" - all
that is remembered - is -

30

I know thou hast been called to weep
This side Atlantic's wave
When one by one thou'st laid to sleep
Thy loved ones in the grave -

41

Even then the Saviour could avail
Thy sorrow to assuage -
Trust ~~He~~ Him - dear girl - He'll never fail
To life's remotest age -

A Toast written for a friend to use
at a Supper. To the President of
the occasion. O. Page Esq.

"King Solomon" seemed to deplore the
accumulation of books - where he wrote -
"By these, my sons, be admonished: of making
many books there is no end; and much
study is a weariness to the flesh."

We might at the present time
deprecate the same; having volumes in
one "Page"

Salutatory for Augusto Lovell to speak
at the Soldier's Aid Exhibition.

Ladies & Gentlemen —

I need not tell the motive
that brings us here to night —
For well you know ~~that~~ ^{our} brave boys
are fighting for the right.

And that many now are lying
Who no more the sword can wield
Among the wounded — sick — and dying
Types — of a Battle Field

We shall not — ape the drama
Nor yet — show off in verse
Nor weep like Ancient Rana
Nor our Country's wrongs rehearse

It will be our first endeavor
Your varied tastes to please
And if we gain your favor.
And your groaning pained ease

Our end will be accomplished
Our mission can go on
Until the foe is vanquished
There's work for every one.

Oh! Do not be the critic
Of this or that assail.
We expect not panegyric,
Please be lenient should we fail.

Lotuit Port.

Dec 19-1864

Written by request - for the pupils in our
District-School - for the occasion of presenting
a Photograph Album - fruit-knife and napkin
ring to the Teacher - Miss Annie Handy -

Dear Miss Handy - We come in behalf of
the whole School - asking if you will
please accept the trifling mementos
of our affectionate regard. May this
Album designed as a receptacle for the
lineaments of dear friends be an Oasis
in your path of life. And may the articles
of more enduring substance, be esteemed
as Emblematical of the strength and
purity of that love which prompted us -
your pupils - in this bestowal.

Lehigh-Port Feb, 1865 -

Linus accompanying a present carried to a
Tin Wedding -

'Tis long since our fair Mother Eve disobeyed
That bright shining vessels of Tin have been made
Both Silver and Gold might tempt one to Tin
But no such inducement centres in Tin

Linus accompanying a Gift presented Anna^P Lorelle
Christmas day. 1859.

This triple with greetings for Christmas I send.

All freighted with love for my dear little friend.
I not wisely chosen, I hope she will find.

It useful sometimes, when she's something to mind

With her heart full of joy, and an eye full of fun.

May the "Blest Nativity" be by Anna begun
And when at its close she quite tired goes to bed
Her children undressed, and doggies all fed.

Feeling glad that each year brings a Christmas's keep
May the tired "now I lay me" foretell a sweet sleep.

Coconut Port. Dec. 1859.

Acrostic for my little Grand niece

S. smiling is her little face
D. miled to a form of grace
S. oft her eyes - and light her hair
A. ll loveliness her actions are.
N. ature for her had done its part.
Engrave upon her youthful heart
B. efore life's cares shall come
R. eligion's potent power,
O. pening, each day - like a delicate flower,
C. hoose all her future - Thou Being of Light -
G. uide her - O! keep her from every blight.

Cohasset Port Sept - 1859

On presenting Frank Lowell with a pin ball
filled with pins.

Sometimes it will happen when one cannot stop,
That from collar or wristband a button will drop.
'Tis always vexations, and many have been
As a dernier obliged to resort to a Pin.

Cohasset Port Dec 1869.

H. dollus.

Written for a "May Basket" designed for our pastor
Rev. W. H. Bessom. To be prepared by the children of the
Sabbath School.

With loving hearts - in phalanx strong -
We bring our little gift along -
We're all unskilled in prose - and verse
And cannot in our lines be terse,

But thinking you will motives weigh -
And credit give to what we say -
We've gathered what we could; No boast -
And trust 't will prove a holocauste

Cotuit Port May 19th 1866

"A Prescription."

My dear "Cotuit"

I plainly can see
The signs of a speedy demise —
Unless — you take rest —
(Which if you think it best)
Herein I would ~~speedy~~ strongly advise.

Cotuit Port - Dec 26th 1866.

Lines composed for a Bible presented to Mr. & Mrs. B. Sprague
from Father & Mother Hodges.

In this Blessed Bible can be found
The ~~Healing~~ Balm for every wound
Search, and you'll find a precious store
Yielding in value, more & more.

Accept it with your parents love,
And may its truths, raise you above,
These earthly and terrestrial joys,
To Purer and celestial joys.

Santucket. 1872.

Salutatory in behalf of Freedmen at the Exhibition, Antiquarian

I am here in behalf of the "Freedmen"

There are classes more than one
I speak now for those who were Task'd men
'neath the lash and a Southern Sun

The shackles that bound them are sundered
But we hear they are hungry & cold -
Shall we who never have hungered -
From our portion to help them withhold

We must not forget that they helped us -
In the victory gained by the North
Did they flinch - when they stood as reducers
From the volley that Wagner sent forth.

If perchance we should weary your patience
With the many queer things you must see
Please remember - We've brought out the obnoxious
Quaint doings of Antiquity

Coltist Port - Antiquarian
Exhibition, held the 26th 27th & 28th
of Feb. 1868

Antiquarian Exhibition in behalf of Good Templars

I come to speak for "Good Templars"
Who free from the "Tyrant Thral"
Stand forth a band of Exemplars.
Waging war upon "Old Alcohol"

For hunger - nor cold - doth beset them
And yet I must say they're in want
Of money* - with which to get them -
That which will sound forth the pealing chant -

And the songs of our order with gladness -
And the choruses - loud and strong -
Or the dirge with muffled sadness -
Should one from our number be borne -

So we thought we would just take you backward
And show you something in the past -
When the "Gaddy's + Mummy's" all worked hard
And the "Fellows and girls" were nt all fast.

Feb. 1868.

* Money wanted to get one of
Mason + Hamlin's Organs.

Blary
Bale dictionary - inviting after the close of the first
Evening to come to the second.

The "farmers" household duties
Are ended for to night
Should you wish to see new beauties -
And hear sounds that will delight -

hant-
Please come tomorrow Evening
And fill up "Freedom Hall"
"Father Kemp" you'll find's been catering
For old and young - for all

ward
Coltist Port Feb. 26. "1868.

Written for the good Templars - when some of them were to leave for their
business. Thelby exposing them to Temptation.

"There is Death in the Pot" 2nd Kings 4th - 40th.

When the sons of the Prophets sat down to eat the Pottage which had
been prepared by the Prophet-Elisha's order; it was found that a Poison had
been infused accidentally. One among the number upon tasting the
food cried unto the Prophet: "Thou man of God there is death in
the pot." We would say to the sons of "Sunburst Lodge" "There is death in
the pot. that if one taste of it, they will find it containing a moral poison
far worse than ^{would} ~~could~~ ^{be found} have been in the wild gounds that infected
the Pottage. And now that we are about to be separated from the
social-binding influences of our order - and are to go out into Temp-
tation, let us all bear in mind the warning - and "touch not -
taste not - handle not." knowing there is death in the pot which
cannot be counteracted. Therefore Total Abstinence from all that
will intoxicate is the only safe course.

"There is death in the pot -

Oh! taste it not: "

A son of the Prophets cried

x x x x x x x x x x

We mean to be firm -

And to keep us from harm -

We've a Water-Proof - Patent supplied.

Cotuit Port - March - 16th 1868

their
had
had
g the
th in
in
of
ected
the
mp -
not -
ich
that

In even path we two have trod,
Together still our souls shall grow,
Together still our songs shall flow.

A letter to "The Cat" written for the
"Germ" "Gem" "Kodak" Post-

You may think it silly - for I think 'tis queer
that thought of a "cat" in a "Gem" should appear,
Almost all have a "hobby" - some this & some that,
It is said mine is "Bobbie" "Tho" naught but a cat,

My cat is quite pretty and weighs nearly a score.
His fur mostly white - with black spots about four
Sometimes he will fight. I'm sorry for that -
But then I remember - He's naught but a cat.

Should a neighboring Pussy make him a call -
And find him at eating he'd give them up all.
Should Lodging be needed - would part too with that
But I know after all he's naught but a cat.

I went to my neighbors a week since - or more -
Some babies to see. I think there were four -
They were darlings - and lovely - so sweet and so fat.
Alas! for myself - I had naught but a cat.

Hellie Beanie was one of those at C. C. Beane's

But cats have a mission on Earth to fulfil
The moose - & ungrateful - and full of self-will,
And the one that stole of is kind - and all that -
But lying concealed are the traits of a cat -

For those who are rarely if ever alone
And have plenty of Pets - which they claim as their own
Must charity use - nor blame me for what
May seem foolish to them - to Pet-naught but a cat -

There was "Henry Kirk White" as good as was he -
Made dueful complaint - and this was his Plea
'Tis not lonely lot - or a grief-stricken moan
But this & this only - That I am alone;

There are times when I'm weary - lonely & sad
When my mind will revert to the friend I once had
In such cheerless moments - with none near to chat
I instinctively turn to the Petting a cat -

July - 1888

Christmas Eve.

"Behold - I bring you good tidings of great joy, which
shall be to all people. For unto us a Son is born
this day, in the city of David. A Savior - which
is Christ the Lord."

We hither come this wintry night -
A happy joyous band
Our eyes look on with great delight
Our hearts with wonder stand -

And ask, what means the Christmas Eve?
What mean these tokens rare?
They tell of Jesus, born to save -
The Babe of Bethlehem - Fair.

Cesar the King - decree had made
That all a tax should pay -
So Joseph and his Mary went -
But found not where to stay.

The Sun was full - but very near -
Where horned cattle fed
A stable stood, a manger drear
Must be the Infants bed.

The Shepherds saw an angel form.
Descending toward the ground -
A sound was heard of Praising God
And glory shone around.

Prophets & Kings long since had told
A mighty Prince should come -
In David's line - As lion bold
And Bethlehem for his home.

About this time a Light was seen -
"I was followed where it led -
It came and with resplendent Sheen
Rested o'er Jesus' head -

The wise men costly presents brought
Frankincense - Gold - and Myrrh.
They worshiped him who as they thought
Would Earthly good confer. *

Though swaddling clothes were then his dress
He was a "Prince of Peace"
Who afterward did children bless.
"Your Savior" now - and mine.
Cotuit Port - Dec 25: 1888. * Luke 24th & 21st
* Mark 10 chapter. 13th to the 17th verses.

Judges ^{Y^l 13th} For the Temperance Gem.
When I blow with a trumpet. I and
all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets
also on every side of all the camp - and say -
The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

We are pledged to make war on a monster.
Who comes in many a guise.
He will pledge with a quaff at the altar
And sometimes the Doctors advise.

To me who have come to the rescue.
Remember an army but small.
Who were chosen by drinking of water?
They numbered three hundred in all.

Therefore we need but go forward.
With trumpet and pitcher and lamp.
But remember at sounding of trumpet
Each must be in his place round the camp.

For Midian's host is about us.
Destroying the beautiful field
Of the grain that was destined to nourish
To distill all the poison 'till yield?
Colinet Port 1859.

Lines accompanying a cushion sent on Christmas 1871 to
Wentworth Mass for Miss Judith C. Gardner.

This cushion dear Judith that I send
was made for you by an aged friend
She's ninety one, nor yet does know
The need which spectacles bestow.

You'll want to know, who it may be
That such a gift bestows on thee,
'Tis Cousin Mary Coffin, sure
Whose health and strength do both endure.

I with her took a cup of tea,
And much enjoyed her company
Her baby son, she looks for home
And if all's well he'll shortly come.

His wife and children will attend
And could you see that aged friend
So happy at the prospect bright
Your heart would hope she'd have the right.

Of one who fifteen years ago,
To California did go,
She humbly hopes that she may live
To see them, when they shall arrive.
* Daughter of Eben. and widow of the late Cromwell

Joseph the son has safe arrived
With wife and children four
And Cousin Mary she has lived
To see them all, once more.

A number of the friends of Capt John Coleman, thinking
the Sabbath School Concert a suitable place, took that occasion
on the fourteenth inst. for presenting him a very pretty Waltham
watch and chain bearing the following inscription.

Presented to John Coleman, Our children's faithful
Sabbath School Superintendent. Feb. 14th 1869.

We subjoin the following presentation speech which
with Preliminary inscription etc. I wrote, but which was
given in a masterly manner by Capt Gilbert J. Crocker,
a teacher in the School.

Much respected friend and Brother
I appear before you at this time in behalf of the many parents
and friends, who feel that they are now and have been
benefitted by your loving, faithful and persevering labors,
as Superintendent in this Sabbath School. Long have you
filled the place. Neither summers heat or winters cold,
and I may add bodily prostration have kept you from
your post of duty. We believe you love the work, and
that nothing else could stimulate you to such continuous
and that your only motive is and has been that of
leading the youthful heart early to love the Blessed
Savior, fitting them for usefulness in this life, and for
happiness through Eternity. And if strains tell the way
of the winds blowing, perhaps this trifle which I now
present, may convey in some measure, our grateful
appreciation of your untiring efforts for the children

and youth in this community. Many of us, who
now are parents, were privileged in childhood with
your Sabbath School instruction, and now we see
our children enjoying the same. And although a
silvery crown is gathering about your head, we
hope that you may continue to occupy the same
place in this school many years to come.

That not only our children, but our children's
children may rise up and call you blessed.
And when called to go the "way of all the earth"
"coming to the grave in full age like a shock of corn
cometh in his season" may you be borne safely to the
blissful shores of Immortality by the loving Jesus,
"having been faithful unto death. There to receive
a Crown of Life."

Coburn Post-1869.

Imitation or mimic a kind of catch
I was invited as you'll see
To join in "Imitation"
No "goat" to ride nor yet a "fee"
But yet, "Imitation"

I thought awhile. The Squires are there,*
And those of age & station,
Nor will go. There's nought to fear.
'Tis only "Imitation"

I heard them laugh; indeed they roared,
I knerr that helped digestion,
So took my place, but soon was floored
The butt of "Imitation".

I liked it much; The lesson learned,
Was to Humiliation;
That's worth the most. We've hardest-earned,
Be it but Imitation.

Should any one at any time,
Find out to his vexation,
He's acted out in Pantomime,
The fool, for Imitation —

* Messrs. L. C. Beane & Andrew Lovell both Justice's.

catch

Just pass it by. Enjoy the jest.
'Tis good on some occasions.
So merry be! our very best.
Mixed with imitations.

Cottuit Port. March. 1870.

Written for the "Temperance Gem" a paper sustained by
the members of Cottuit Lodge. (being a member myself.)
Cottuit Port - April. 1889. On the power of Prejudice.

The more experience I have - and the more I become
acquainted with the biasing of my own mind, the more visible
are the effects of Prejudice in shaping my opinions for or
against. The mind is too easily warped. Therefore it is
safe to weigh both sides before arriving at settled conclu-
sions - or better perhaps to make each case our own, before
forming an opinion. We are all aware that some indi-
viduals are more exposed ^{to} the malign influence of
Prejudice than others. Let them do ~~as~~ as they may,
her busy tongue is ever ready to administer censure,
and detail gossip in notions more in accordance with
her own diseased imagination, than in that of indicating
the true state of the parties under surveillance. Let us
take as our first victim, a Minister and his family.
Their position among their parishioners bring them upon
terms of intimacy, which must at times produce

much inconvenience. as they must have open house for callers. "in season & out of season"; the result of which in some cases leads to the misjudging of things. producing many decisions - and consequently, many Prejudices. Let two persons visit a Parsonage of different appreciative tastes. One might see an atmosphere of comfort and refinement, transcending the limit by them as to what a ministers family should have, and how they should live. and consequently might go out and say "of extravagance. Other resources than those received from the parish." I think such a verdict would be the effect of Prejudice. The other seeing through other lenses, and ^{not} so hastily in deciding, might see artistic skill, and thrift, in making every thing well advantageously. Though in reality the furniture might be simple. here a vase of flowers. There tastefully arranged. sea mosses. In another direction leaves and buds, from the woods. This, and that telling of Skillful fingers as having produced such cheering results. Would it be generous to censure? I think all will agree with me, that home should be made as attractive as possible. That there be no other place in all the world like it. But it seems to be expected that a ministers house and family shall have a general "Well to do" appearance, even though they be required to make "Bricks without straw". But why restrict the educational privileges? Should not the Pastors family have advantages of the highest order? If a taste for music or drawing exists

why
rub.
sacrific
that
will
much
upon
this one
in ma
knowin
to all p
who are
The be
unsu
"Good
ignor
aims a
existenc
but the
and co
conque
I think
this Lodg
the young

Why not cultivate it? But the means? ay there's the rub. Affection ever fruitful in expedients, will by self sacrificings, find means to accomplish it, in order that their children may be fitted for future usefulness. Will not those children bless such parents for doing so much for them? and look back lovingly, and gratefully, upon the "Home Sweet Home" of their early years?

School Teachers are often called ^{to suffer} from Prejudice this one in the School district says particularly is shown, and in many ways they are called to the trial of hearing and knowing, that with all their efforts, they do not give satisfaction, to all parties. But they must put up with it, as all must, who are in any way exposed to criticism from the public. The best antidote in such cases, is the approval of an unsullied conscience.

Even our much loved order of "Good Templars" is not without-odium, arising from ignorance as to its working. Who of us knowing the aims and results of "Sunlight-Lodge" during its brief existence, but feel how unjust for any other feeling but that of approval to exist toward it. The numbers and continued interest, tell of vitality enough to conquer every assault inimical to the cause. I think no one will doubt after mingling with this Lodge, and witnessing the happy grouping of the young-middle aged, and those who are more

advanced in life, so actively engaged in helping as
builders in the great superstructure, but that the
work will be completed. through Divine assistance,
(if we continue faithful) having a base covering
the whole earth. and going upward in beautiful
proportions. its summit reaching Heaven.

Oct 2

Written
for Mr.
Silver

Lines carried with a present to a silver wedding
Oct 25th 1871.

We bring with hearty greeting,
Unto this worthy pair
This ver' little off' ring.
'Tis nothing very rare.

But may be in life's gloaming
When the shadows longer grow,
And the Golden Bridal 'Gath'ring
Shall other gifts bestow.

You may think of one who loved you
Some distance back in time,
Then, this very trifle, in review,
May remind you of your prime.

Written by me for Miss L. B. Gardner
for Mr. & Mrs. George R. Dolger's
Silver wedding. Nantucket.

Thanks giving 1871 was made doubly interesting, to the brothers, sisters, and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah C. Gardner, by uniting it with their Silver Wedding. For many years, the children and grandchildren of the late Benjamin Gardner Esq. have met with Mr. & Mrs. Gardner at the "Old Mansion" (now owned & occupied by them) for their annual Thanksgiving. Notwithstanding the cold wind, all the guests assembled, and very abundant provision was made for both occasions, and portions sent of the "Fats and Sweets" * to those less favored. The following verses are descriptive of the gathering.

Our dear Parents are gone,
But their children have come.
For another Thanksgiving,
In this Time Honored Home.

There are several seats vacant,
But on the hearts shrine,
Lives fresh as the Terr Plant,
And clings like the Vine -

* Nehemiah 8th chap. + 10th verse.

The touch of hands vanished,
And the voices now still,
And the lives that we cherished
Their places still fill.

'Tis always Thanksgiving on
On the Opposite Shore.
While we wait, they are watching
For us to come o'er.

But we turn to the living,
Who gladly would be,
In our merry making,
On this festive day.

There's Benjie, and Henry,
Both Elders, are they!
And Judith and Herbert,
And Hobson, away.

We trust they are keeping
The day, well as we.
But we are all wishing,
For their company.

Here are three generations,
From one parent stock
And Johnie, and Marnie,
Are lambs of the flock.

And Uncle and cousin,
Are with us once more,
The former quite aged,
The latter formore.

The friends of our childhood
Are with us to day,
Should we seem in a gay mood,
We'll endeavor to pray,

That our dear absent brother,
May reap from his store,
The wealth of old opbir,
By washing out Ore.

(an omission) We will send him a wishbone.
There's never a pleasure, } and tell him the he,
Without some regret, } We very much missed,
And dear William's another
We cannot forget.

Mr Isaac Gardner + Mrs. L. Spague

from the "family tree."

We all should be grateful
That our lives ~~have~~ been spared
And try to prove faithful
Who such bounties have shared.

The Silver wedding.
Our Host and Hostess greeting,
With thanks, now let me say,
We join your Silver wedding,
To this Thanksgiving Day.

And may your days be lengthened
To the Golden Gathering time.
And your hearts and hopes be strengthened
For that Pure Celestial chime.

Where in one exclamation,
Of gratitude and praise,
With loudest acclamation
Our Pleans we will raise.

We would that your son William,
Whom many miles divide
From his early childhoods much loved home
Could now be at your side.

After a season of social intercourse
The company left for their several
homes, feeling the better for partici-
pating in the entertainments. C. P. R.
A Guest.

From the family tree.

We came here at the bidding
Of this kindly aged pair
To celebrate the wedding.
Of the Golden Fiftieth Year.

The Bride that we are greeting.
And Bridegroom by her side.
Both wear for their adorning
What is worth all else beside.

A meek and quiet spirit,
Such as only those can know,
Who trust the Saviors merit,
For happiness below.

Sometimes at youthful biddals
The bride and groom both wear,
Emblems of their betrothals,
Of jewels rich and rare.

But time with his hoar frosting,
This aged pair has crowned
A glorious adorning,
If Righteousness abound

May your days be growing brighter
As you near your setting sun.
And every burden lighter,
When life's work is almost done.

Then may your loving children
With gratitude impressed
Take the mantle you'll be leaving
When you shall be at rest.

The flocks of many winters.
The most of us have seen
And may our Father feed us
From His Pastures fresh and green.

We know our sands are going.
And we must shortly be
Where Life's Waters will be flowing.
Through all Eternity.

Nantuxet. Nov. 29th 1871.

The preceding were written by request for the Golden
Wedding of Mr and Mrs. Asa Ramson, by an aged
friend of theirs who was to be a guest being desirous
to carry something of the kind I complied with the
request. November 1871.

Lines composed on Judith C. Gardner's birthday,
which occurs Oct. 26th

There came in the line of Gardner,
When the early frosts had come
A daughter, and they named her,
For one at her "Island Home" *

I think that Sydney claims her,
'Tis situate in Maine,
Where the colds of winter linger
And the mountain tops retain.

Their snows till late in Springtime,
Where the Harvests early come,
Where the squirrels to the tree tops climb,
For storing their winter home.

There are many other beauties,
I'm told in that cold State,
And many—many duties,
The housewife can relate,

* She was named for her grandma, Gardner,
whose home was at Nantucket,

Her

ay,
262
But now we'll tell of "Baby"
And leave the country round.
Since then, she's grown a "Lady";
And in knowledge doth abound.

Her home's in Massachusetts,
Nantucket, is the place.
And had time, these leaflets,
Her ancestry would trace,

But she is well descended,
On either side, by birth,
And her name is well defended
For her high toned moral worth,

But now I leave the subject,
And bid my pen be still;
And to Judith give the Sobriquet,
The Lass of "Quaker Hill."

^o Her grandparents lived at Quaker Hill in Lydney where
she was born. They were Capt & Mrs. David Sprague.

Being Requested to write something for Mr. & Mrs Thomas Green's
Golden Wedding. I did so, and wrote the following which was
published in "The Inquirer and Mirror." The Wedding was Jan. 27th 1872.

The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green,
was celebrated on Wednesday evening, the 24th inst.

The Genial Golden Pair, seemed to impart to the
guests a portion of their happiness, and general good
cheer prevailed. The presents brought in, and sent by
friends, called forth many expressions of gratitude
from the worthy pair, for being thus remembered. The
following poem was read, after which the company
were bountifully supplied with Wedding Cake,

In early childhood I remember,
That in the next month to December,
My sister* to a wedding went.
In answer to a billet sent,

'I was fifty years ago to night,
The air was crisp, the stars were bright,
Then Thomas Green wed Betsey Brooks.
You'll find it in the Best of Books.

* Susan P. Brooks.

o Rev.

Green's

24th 1872

m.

rod
by

ny

Prospective time - seems always long,
But months and years are quickly gone
And in the retrospect - but seem
Like a told tale, or passing dream.

This time has many changes sent,
With sceptre in hand, and hourglass spent.
Dear friends, with you he's lenient been
Though doubtless you have Trials seen.

You have been blessed with children dear,
We feared that none would gather here,
Their duties call them far to roam,
And different States find them at home.

When you before the altar stood,
And consecrated all to God,
Children, and selves, to him you gave,
That He might bless, that He might save.

Your eldest - many years has stood,
On Zion's wall's dispensing good
And Providence in kind behest,
Has business found for all the rest.

c Rev. Wm B. Green,

'Tis not that I would cause a sigh,
Or tear drop call from either eye,
But two from out this blessed fold,
Are with the Heavenly Host enrolled.

One son quite unexpected here,
Stands with his wife and children dear,
We're glad for that, were they now gone,
This Golden Pair, would be alone.

But when vacation time shall come,
That brings the dear ones to their home
The vines with fruitage clustering round
Shall make the glad some home resound.

In the blest-morning that's to come,
When each and all are gathered home,
With victory's palms you'll then appear,
And crowns of glory you shall wear.

The promise is, "That I will give"
To all that doth "My word believe"
In this short life a sure reward,
In that to come, Eternal Good.

Singing, and general conversation followed,
bringing us to the time for separation, and all
left the house in a happy mood.

Main Street as it was.
Do you remember old main Street.
Some forty years ago.
When business men ^{with} hurried feet
were passing to and fro.

The girls were then. (is it so now?)
Fond of the beaus you see.
And every night, blow high or low.
They'd meet in company.

On main Street then they used to walk,
For what? who cares or knows.
They'd talk and laugh, and laugh and talk,
And sometimes meet the beaus.

Their isolation made them free.
They weren't unchaste or bold,
We think that all will plainly see.
Why so, when facts they're told.

That sometimes for a ^{week} ~~month~~ or more
We could not get our mails,
The vessels then from shore to shore,
Were borne by wind and sails.

The street was paved about midday,
Quite near the Bank, I think.
The carts in rumbling, seemed to say,
We're taking in the chunk.

The blacksmith at his anvil stood.
The tinner pounded tin.
The wharves were then well filled and good -
With vessels out and in.

Mostly by whalships were they filled,
Our men, then manned the ships.
Whales then were plenty, easy killed,
Which made them shorter trips.

A meeting house built quite antique,
Near the old cistern stood,
And then, the Town House quite unique,
Was on the self same road.

A kindly group we used to meet,
All clad in neat array,
They worshipped then upon Main Street,
On "first" and on "fifth" day.

Those waymarks now are all removed,
Those friends are mostly gone.
Yet friendship's dear, and forms we loved,
Still live in memory's urn.

The loopers then had full employ,
You'd hear them from the street,
Play loopers march, a sound of joy,
They played it so complete.

The loopers chips, how nice they burned,
Nor need buy kindling them.
In every nook, wherever we turned,
We heard our busy men

The "Reamsdall" is ~~standing~~ yet,
It seems almost to say,
I'm fit to stand, Oh! don't forget,
The long gone yesterday.

Old "Jordan", with his trucks and oil,
Just leaving Hay Scale Lane,
His "How'do", Nancy or Poll,
Brings childhood back again.

Another one, with Bible name,
And coat of Friendly fit,
With buckled shoes, a little lame,
His name we will omit.

Uncle Abihu and his spouse,
They lived upon the hill,
Who can forget them, or their house,
That e'er went over the sill.

Left east though many years before,
They say Aunt Thankful lived,
She left her "knifeboy," nothing more,
We think of her survived.

The brothers Folger, lived near by,
A few rods down the street,
Their hom was long, not very high,
But orderly and neat.

In leather jacket good and strong,
One brother might be seen,
And heard to say, "So Long, So Long,"
You've guessed his name I mean.

We can't forget the narrow lane,
Where our first breath was drawn,
'Tis Trade now, Politeness then,
The olden name is gone.

The house is gone, where first we learned
To read, and write and spell,
But Phenix like, one has returned,
That marks the spot as well.

The Nymph that on the Lodge we saw,
Was charming in our eyes,
We knew not then, what it was for,
Why pointing to the Skies.

In short, there are so many things,
The list you know is long,
That we must clip our memory's wings
And thus cut short our song.

Nantucket Feb. 1872.

more year.

Mrs. Mary Coffin's 91st Birth day, Cromwell's Widow.
The Sun has made his annual round
Twelve moons have come & gone.
Since at this board, this group was found.
Grandma, the honored one.

Nonagenarian then was she,
Now one more year we tell,
She knits and sews; can hear and see.
And says she is quite well.

With cheerful way, and ready wit,
That marked her earlier years,
And form erect, and steady gait,
The green old age appears.

The family are scattered now.
One daughter only here.
The grandchildren made quite a show,
And kept up lively cheer.

We wish that all her "kith & kin",
Had seen her as she sat,
Her younger sister chiming in -
With Pleasantry and Chat.

Second verse. You're eighty six years old to day,
{ That's quite a piece upon the way,
But with good health, a goodly crew.

Second verse. You're eighty six years old to day,
That's quite a piece upon the way,
But with good health, a goodly seven
May many years to you be given

The question comes, in one more year.

Who from this little group.

Will join the loved ones, in that Sphere.

Where gatherings ne'er break up?

Nantucket March 19th 1872.

On Mr. Jonas Fish's birthday.

Dear father! Mid the toils of Earth

There comes some day that mark our birth.

Though Time has lightly set his seal,

Doubtless the weight of years you feel.

Your neighbors have come in to spend,

This Birth day with their aged friend,

You know them all: just with me come,

And take a look around the room.

Summer and winter, Toil and Care,

Seem to be man's allotment here,

But Heaven's rest enhanced will be,

For all Times troubles that we see.

The wintry time of life has come,

With many who are in this room,

But next to winter comes the "Spring"

"With Harps of Gold" we then shall sing,

Nantucket-March 25th 1872. The two mutually request.

The Sunbeam - by Anne E. Brock Dec. 11th 1866.

1st Verse.

One this beautiful morn
Over the cottage and hall
The Sunbeam with joy and mirth
Shadows the spirits of all.

2nd Verse.

It falls on the ocean's foam,
And with joy, the sailor smiles
For it seems like news from home,
As it lights up Neptune's isle.

3rd Verse.

Deep in the wild forest shade
The green leaves caught its glow;
And glancing to the earth, made
All look pleasant there below.

4th Verse.

Lighting the grand old mountains
With a row of Glee, bright,
Stirring the glit'ring fountains
Filling this ~~and~~ earth with light.

5th Verse.

It falls on the Golden West
On the prairie broad and fair
Where the timid fawn seeks rest
And the wolf studs to his lair.

6th Verse.

Piercing through the forest deep and
Under the grand old ~~oak~~ trees
Where the Indian warriors sleep
Where the bears were in the cage.

7th Verse.

Steaming through the ruined walls
Of castles once proud and fair high
Lighting up the gloomy halls
Where death's pale light has long gone by.

8th Verse.

It strikes Africa's barren lands
Where the lion's roar is heard
There too is the burning sands
Think no ray comes from their home.

9th Verse.

Thus see all the land and sea
Like the Sunbeam's cheering ray
Kind words said in grief or glee
May light some wanderer's way.

The Sailor boy — by Susie E. Brook. June 1866

Out on the wide — wide Ocean
Far away from friends or home
Is a gentle Sailor Boy
Come abroad afar to roam

The night is near; the stars are
Shining brightly in the sky —
Our sailor boy is sadly
Thinking of days gone by —

He is in thought — again at home
With his mother by his side
Giving him the best of books
For his counsel and his guide

But while he thus is thinking
With that book spread on his knee —
The night grows dark and fearful —
Rough and angry is the sea.

The tempest is roaring wildly
 And the decks are drenched with foam
 And every one with terror
 Thinks again of Home - Sweet Home

Among the panic stricken
 One hero calmly stands
 Fearless amidst the tempest
 With his Bible in his hands

He told them about the hope
 Of the book he loved the best -
 In which there's a safe harbor
 Where the weary are at rest.

Thus the hearts of all were cheered
 With the hope of life once more -
 And at length the dawning day -
 Found them anchored safe at shore.

He is now again at home
 With his children by his side
 Teaching them to take the Bible
 For their counsel and their guide.

Written

The following was not written by myself but
by a very small grand niece of mine Susie Emma Bork
at eleven years of age. The Drummer Boy

1st

The Drummer Boy - is going away
From his kind friends and Mother dear -
So sad - so dreary dawned the day -
Oh! When will he again be here.

2d

The Mother now the time has come -
Oh how her heart does bleed -
And though she is so sad and lone -
Still says - My Son - God Speed -

And now he gives the parting kiss -
And smiles through all his tears;
Says. Mother you your boy will miss -
But drive away your tears.

4th

The drummer boy - goes to the fight -
With feelings brave and strong -
And never swayseth from the right
Through the fiery Battle long -

but
work
5th
The bullets now are swiftly flying
Around on every hand
And the field is strown with the dead and dying
All over this fair land.

6th
That Awful battle now is ended
And amid the dead and dying
Listen! The drummer's voice is blended
With many that there are lying,
ye

And in a cottage far away -
Is his aged mother's home -
And she is thinking of that day
She sobs - my son is gone

hs

Welcome Home -

Welcome my dearest father
Welcome to your home
For we've so long been waiting
And longing for you to come -

We've daily watched the papers
In great hopes to find -
The name of the Ship you sailed in
To ease our mother's mind -

And now you are safely with us
We hope you'll ne'er more roam
Away O'er the Ocean Waters
Far - Far from your happy home.

composed by my little niece Susie E. Brook -
on the return of her father. Oct- 1864.

Still says - My son - God speed.
3rd

And now he gives the parting kiss
And smiles through all his tears,
Says - "Mother you your boy will miss
But drive away your fears."
x the

The Summer Day goes to the fight
With feelings brave and strong
And never separates from the right
Through the fiery battle long.

The Drummer Boy.

Written by Susie Emma Brock - eleven years old.

1st
The Drummer Boy is going away
From his kind friends and mother dear.

So sad, so dreary dawned the day
Oh! When will he again be here.

2nd
The mother, now the time has come
Oh! Now her heart does bleed
And though she is so sad and lone
Still says - "My son - God speed."

3rd
And now he gives the parting kiss
And smiles through all his tears,
Says - "Mother you your boy will miss
But drive away your fears."

4th
The Drummer Boy goes to the fight
With feelings brave and strong
And never wavereth from the right
Through the fiery battle long.

5- the

The bullets now are swiftly flying
Around on every hand
And the field is strewn with the dead and dying
All over this fair land.

6 the

That awful battle now is ended
And amid the dead and dying
Listen! The drummer's voice is blended
With many that there are lying.

7 the

And in a cottage far away
Is his aged mother's home -
And she is thinking of that day -
She sobs - My son is gone.

Lighting up the gloomy halls
When I melt pride in days gone by

Lighting up the gloomy halls
Where lonely friends in days gone by
sate —

It strikes Africa's barren lands —

Where the lonely Arab roams

Travellers o'er the burning sands,

Think its ray comes from their homes
of old —

Thus o'er the land and sea

Like the sun beams cheering ray

Kind words send in grief or gloe

May light some traveller's way.

5th
It falls on the golden West
On the prairie broad and fair
Where the timid fawn seeks rest
And the wolf starts to his lair.

6th
Peering thro' the forest deep -
Under the grand old trees,
Where the Indian warriors sleep -
Where the leaves wave in the breeze -

7th
Streaming thro' the ruined walls
Of castles once proud and high
Lighting up the gloomy halls
Where smelt pride in days gone by

8th
It strikes Africa's barren lands -
Where the lonely Arab roams
Travellers o'er the burning sands,
Think its ray comes from their homes

9th
Thus o'er the land and sea
Like the sun beams cheering ray
Kind words said in grief or glee
May light some traveller's way.

